



The Tragedy of Coriolanus

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen.

Ere we proceed any further, heare me speake.

All. Speake, speake.

1. Cit. You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. Cit. First you know, Cains Martius is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. Cit. Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1. Cit. We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri- cians good: what Authority suffers one, would reiceue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it were wholesome, wee might guesse they releued vs hu- manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanneffe that afflicts vs, the object of our misery, is as an inuento- ry to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2. Cit. Would you proceede especially against Cains Martius.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com- monalty.

2. Cit. Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

1. Cit. Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee- ing proud.

All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. Cit. I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. Cit. What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac- count a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co- uetous.

1. Cit. If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accu- sations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shows within.

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th' Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1. Cit. Soft, who comes

Enter M

2. Cit. Worthy Menen- ways lou'd the people.

1. Cit. He's one honest

Men. What work's my

Where go you with Bats

Speake I pray you.

2. Cit. Our busines is no

haue had inking this fortu

now wee'l shew em in de

strong breaths, they shal k

Menen. Why Masters,

Neighbours, will you vnd

2. Cit. We cannot Sir,

Men. I tell you Friend

Haue the Patricians of you

Your suffering in this dea

Strike at the Heauen with

Against the Roman State,

The way it takes: crackin

Of more strong linke assun

Appeare in your impedime

The Gods, not the Patri

Your knees to them (not a

You are transported by Ca

Thether, where more atten

The Helmes o'th State; w

When you curse them, as

2. Cit. Care for vs? Tru

yet. Suffer vs to famish, a

with Graine: Make Edict

reters; repeale daily any wh

the rich, and prouide mo

chaine vp and restraine the

not vppe, they will; and

vs.

Menen. Either you mu

Confesse your selues wond

Or be accus'd of Folly. I

A pretty Tale, it may be y

But since it serues my purp

To scale't a little more.

2. Citizen. Well,

He heare it Sir: yet you m

To fobbe off our disgrace

But and't please you deliue

Men. There was a time

Rebell'd against the Belly;

That onely like a Gulfe it

FINIS

